

# WRITTEN BY JOHN ANDERSEN, THE COOK.

WHITMAN AND MATE SAUNDERS AS CONFESSED AND SWORN TO BY THE MURDERER HIMSELF.

whether I dare walk by the captain or not into the after cabin. There was a partition off. As I came in the captain was sitting. He took the bottle up like this and says: out, and then came for me. I pulled the ruck him in the head, somewhere in the n he dropped back in a chair. I'll me." It came right into me. I ran into gun under his pillow and one under the r. The sword was standing on the side of ook the gun and went on deck. as. I asked one of the men on deck where is in the rigging. I looked up there and said t't exactly remember what. He was coming Where in the hell did you get them guns? never made him no answer. I stayed there in spike he had on his neck and raised it at n spike, and when I pointed the gun at him ng like that. effect, as he was coming toward me then. I e fell dead.\*

ere the men was. The deck was deserted y ran out then. I asked them to come up. e overboard. They all helped. They have manded them, but I never did anything

d; then we went down into the cabin and n I said to the men, I says: "Men, you put me in irona. You see I had to defend

ts. d gave them a drink. Then I didn't know there helpless. I had the guns, but I never didn't hold them or anything; I just had

ts: "Don't cry," he says, "you're all right," e, I am telling now just how things went. Then I asked them what they were going to do. Some wanted to take the vessel into port. Some wanted to go back to the States. Didn't any of them know what to do. The Englishman, he spoke, and says: "We will set fire to her and take the boat," he says, "and go ashore." At that time, of course, my mind wasn't standing on anything. I didn't know what foot I was standing on. I told him, I says: "I will see if they are willing." I took the Spaniard aside and asked him alone what we should do. "All right," he says.

Then it was made up between us that we should give ourselves up. We didn't know what to do with the vessel. I asked him how we could come ashore in the Brasils, and everything

\*It will be observed that a discrepancy exists between the sworn statement of Cook Anderson, printed in the Journal to day, and the stories told the United States Consul at Bahia by the other members of the crew who were on deck and saw the shooting. The cook declares he shot the mate while he (the mate) was descending the rigging. The crew, however, all agree that the mate was shot after he reached the deck.—[Ed. Journal.]

like that. I didn't know the country; I had never been there before. He said everything was all right, so I asked John Lind. I spoke to him about it, and he says: "Is the rest of them willing?" I told him yes, as far as I knew.

All of the men, then, you know, was standing forward. The engineer was standing alongside this Barstad. He wasn't at the wheel then. He let the wheel go, and they were all scattered about everyway. I saw him stand there, and I didn't know if the engineer spoke to him or not. I didn't know. I thought I would take the most sensible man's advice aboard there. There was nothing more about it, but they all came down in the cabin and commenced to tear up things; at least, Martin did that, me and the Spaniard and John Lind went into the captain's room, and I went in there and showed him the bed he had there, and the engineer he came there.

They were all dragging about, one in this room, another in that, everywhere, some as they had gone for money like, looked more to me than anything else. So the captain's wallet was standing on his desk. The engineer says, "Let's see what's in there." I took it out and found there was three paper dollars into it. I took them out and gave them one apiece, then that was standing there. Then we went into the aftercabin, not his room, but the aftercabin. When I came out there I saw the floor scattered with boxes, everybody busy. I told them right there, "Men," I says, "this vessel is not to be robbed. These men wasn't killed to rob the vessel."

The Spaniard says to me, "Steward, that's all right." I says nothing is going in the boat from the vessel, only what can keep you warm. That is all. I am going to take myself. So they took up jackets, some shirts, one thing and another; I took a coat myself, but the engineer, he was more inclined for money and things like that. He had been rousting about for money. He went into the mate's room. "Cook," he says, "see what is in here," he says to me. He says: "There might be money there." "If there is," I says, "leave it."

I couldn't go to work. I was completely lost altogether. I didn't know how I was in the condition that I was. I opened my trunk and took out my clothes—my best clothes. I took my satchel and put some of my shirts into it, and some of my underclothes. Then we had enough jackets and heavy coats, and I took one of them to put over me. That was all I had. The guns, when this thing was proposed, I threwed two of them overboard, and one I kept in my pocket, and I never thought anything about it. The gun that I had belongs to the captain.

Then they went to work, the big fellow, March, and the engineer, and broke open a kerosene barrel in my stateroom and tipped that over into the lazarette. The Spaniard was getting the boat ready. So there was John Lind, and that other fellow, March, was trying to get himself drunk. I seen what he was after.

Down in the cabin there was whiskey there, and beer—things like that—so I told him I says: "I want you to stop drinking," just like that. Then I went down into the galley, and they were all working, four of them. They went down and dipped three buckets out of the barrel and sent it up on deck, and some took it and carried it on the deck load. Martin was standing there at the galley door, and he was drunk then, kind of staggering. I told him about it, and he went forward in the forecabin. Then I put the dog in the boat. We lowered the boat and got it alongside. The engineer got aboard and we put in one thing and another. They had a molasses keg that did not hold very much water, and he says, "Cook, we can take this barrel of beer." I says, "I don't know; we might run short of water; I don't care." Then he got that up, him and the big fellow, March.

They got out the kerosene barrel, knocked the top off it, and me and John Lind got the boat up alongside. We passed these barrels down to the Spaniard, and the engineer got into the boat to take them. We put them down, pretty near all of them, into the bottom. The engineer came up on deck again and I went forward to get this fellow Barstad. I got him into the boat, and all the rest. Of course, I can't say, because I wasn't watching them or anything like that. I didn't keep track of them very well myself, you know.

I went forward to tell him to get into the boat. He was forward. I seen this big fellow, March, had some rags what I suppose he had been getting from the forecabin. He had them saturated with kerosene and was setting fire to it. I went aft to get into the boat. The engineer was down in the lazarette setting fire to her. I passed by him and he said: "I will make her burn." I went into the boat, and I think I held the painter while John was getting into the boat. Then I went into the boat; then, I think, it was the engineer or Andrew, I don't



THE CREW OF THE OLIVE PECKER.

From Photograph Taken at Bahia.

1. Martin Barstad. 2. John Lind. 3. William Horsburgh. 4. Andrew March. 5. Juan de Dios Barrial y Guterres. 6. John Andersen.

know which of them two, came into the boat next; then, this Barstad, he was the last of them to come.

So we had everything into the boat, some provisions aboard, and one thing and another. We got the mast up and set the sail. This was about half-past two in the afternoon. The Spaniard, he took the tiller and steered. Then I relieved him. I kept on steering the boat all that afternoon, him and me, and all that night, until the next afternoon, and then we let John Lind steer the boat. Of course, as they were going on in the boat I didn't like to say anything to them. They felt the same, as they were having a good time, it seemed to me. Of course, I felt very bad, how things went, and I felt —, I didn't know what to do.

They got to talking about we should give ourselves up, and the like of that; why we proposed to burn the vessel. I spoke to the Spaniard about it and he says: "We can't tell anybody that," he says: I says: "Well, I don't know what we will do," or things like that. Then the engineer spoke up and says, "Many vessels have gone like that and nobody ever knowed what become of them." I didn't say much of anything. I kept on steering the boat, and so did the Spaniard.

We let John Lind steer that afternoon before we landed. Of course, I was tired, wore out, and everything. We got on the beach before dark the next day. We took the boat sail on the beach and everything like that, and made a kind of tent out of it. We stayed there all that night and till the next morning. Then we proposed, of course, for all of us to go together. I felt that way about it, anyhow. Of course, if it had been possible for the men to stay aboard the vessel the vessel never would have been burnt, but the crew didn't know, none of them, what to do. It seems to me they did not know exactly what they

were going to do; of course, that is what I thought, and that is what I can say by their actions and everything that way.

All the clothes was wet, and everything, and we built a fire in the morning to dry our clothes and hang them up. Then, while we were on the beach, four Brazilians came by, two of them first, then two, four altogether, passed us that morning. So the Spaniard says: "We had better go away as quick as we can." Some of them went and kicked the boat out. Then the Spaniard, he was throwing things away; then they all did, more or less.

Then we proposed for us all to go together. That was refused by the engineer and by the Spaniard. He says: "If you do, I am going alone. If you are going together they might pick us up," or something like that. Well, I thought it would be best for us to go together, but it was absolutely refused by them, so we all drew lots and see who would go together. We made up to go two and two. The Spaniard got the lots and gave a to us to see what was going together. John Lind and me got together, so we started for Bahia in a northern direction.

This is the true story of why I killed the captain and the mate and what happened to us until we were arrested in Bahia. JOHN ANDERSEN. Sworn to before United States Commissioner at Norfolk, Va.

John Andersen and his fellow members of the crew are now in close confinement as United States Government prisoners in the jail at Norfolk, Va. They were taken from Bahia, in the Brazil, by the United States man-of-war Lancaster.

According to law, they must be tried by the United States authorities at the port at which they arrived.

